

LAW BREAKERS

10¢
LWC NO. 10

SUSPENSE STORIES





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LAW BREAKERS

SUSPENSE STORY

SIX YEARS AGO IN DETROIT, ED MORA OVERHEARD HIS BOSS, JEWELER ALVIN FARGO ARGUE WITH HIS SON MELS...

by
MORRIS

YOU KNOW I NEED \$10,000 TO GET MY BUSINESS OUT OF THE RED, DAD, AND I INTEND TO GET IT!

NOT FROM ME, YOU WON'T! I KNOW YOU'LL JUST GAMBLE IT AWAY...

THAT NIGHT ED VISITED HIS GIRL, MARY DUGANS...

YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO FREEZE THIS WINTER, WOULD YOU, HONEY? FARGO LIKES YOU ENOUGH TO HAVE YOU LIVE AT HIS HOUSE.

I'LL... I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO...

I'M SURE HE'D LEND YOU THE MONEY TO BUY ME THE FUR COAT!

NEXT DAY, DETECTIVE CRAIG JOHNS IS SUMMONED BY THE JEWELER...

LIEUTENANT, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF UNCUT DIAMONDS WERE STOLEN LAST NIGHT FROM THE SAFE IN THIS ROOM. THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THE COMBINATION ARE MY PROTEGE, ED MORA, AND MY SON.



HMM... NO FINGER-PRINTS ANYWHERE...

BAH! YOU ALWAYS NEED MONEY FOR THAT GIRL OF YOURS! ADMIT YOU DID IT, ED!

YEAH? WELL I KNOW YOU STOLE THE DIAMONDS BECAUSE I SAW YOU THROUGH THE KEYHOLE! HE'S YOUR MAN, LIEUTENANT!



WHO

DID LIEUTENANT CRAIG JOHNS ARREST?

FOR SOLUTION INVERT PAGE

LIEUTENANT JOHNS ARRESTED ED MORA, SINCE THERE WAS NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR. AFTER LENGTHY QUESTIONING ED MORA CONFESSED AND WAS SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS.

LAWBREAKERS

WHERE, DEAR READER, IS A SINISTER SWITCH ON THE OLD TRIANGLE PROBLEM. THIS ONE IS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THOUGH, IN THAT BOTH MEN BECAME A BIT OVER-INDULGENT AND ONE JUST COMPLETELY LOST HIS HEAD! BUT EVEN SO, HARRY COLLINS KNEW HE WOULD MARRY THE GIRL BECAUSE HARRY WAS HANDSOME, SMART AND STRONG... AND NOTHING COULD KEEP HIM FROM...

GETTING A-HEAD



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NOBODY KNOWS HE CAME
HERE TONIGHT. (HIC) NOBODY'S
GOING TO KNOW!



THIS SHOULD BE
DEEP ENOUGH...



IN YOU
GO!

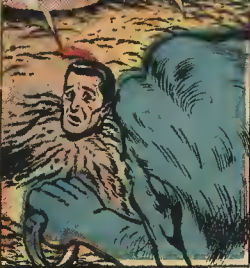


... NOW TO
COVER YOU
UP...



MUM? WHA...
(HIC) WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN'
HARRY... LEMME
OUT OF HERE!

DAVE... I (HIC)
KILLED YOU... BUT...
NOBODY'SH GOIN'
TO EVEN KNOW YOU
WERE HERE!
NO SHR!

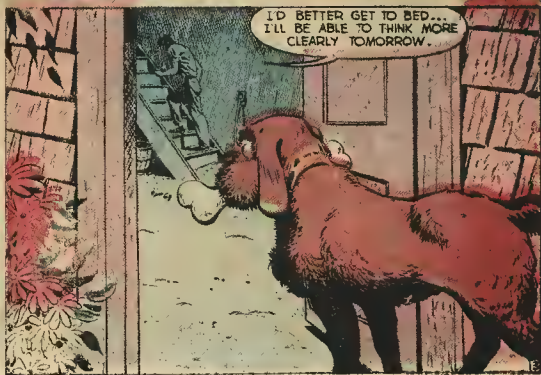


HARRY! YOU'RE
BURYING ME ALIVE!
YOU'RE CRAZY.
HARRY! LET
ME OUT!

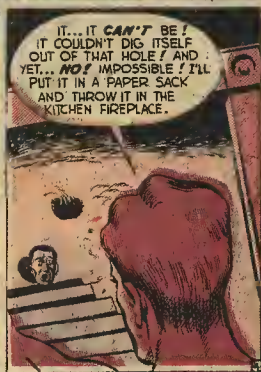
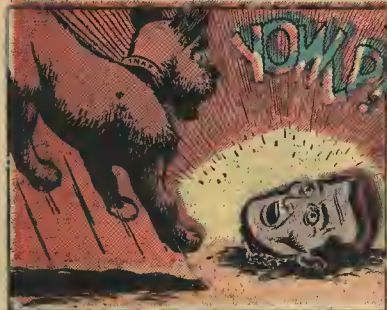
SHUT UP, DAVE
(HIC). I KILLED
YOU. BUT THEY
WON'T EVER DIS-
COVER I DID IT!



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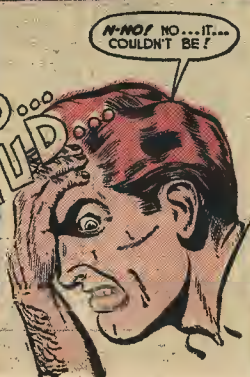
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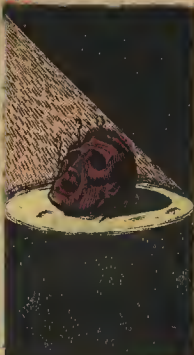
HE FLAMES DANCE BRIGHTLY AS THE PAPER SACK IS CONSUMED... AND AS IT TURNS TO ASHES, THE SMOLDERING HEAD IS THROWN OFF BALANCE, CAUSING IT TO ROLL TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR...



AND AS THE CURIOUS DOG SNIFFS AT THIS MOVING OBJECT, HIS NOSE ACCIDENTALLY PUSHES IT DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS...



LAWBREAKERS



**YOU'RE DEAD!
YOU'RE DEAD,
I TELL YOU!
STAY DEAD!**



**I... NEED A DRINK... YEAH... THAT'S IT,
A DRINK! BUT DAVE AND I FINISHED ALL
THERE WAS IN THE HOUSE! WAIT... THE
TAVERN IS STILL OPEN... I'LL
GET A DRINK THERE...**

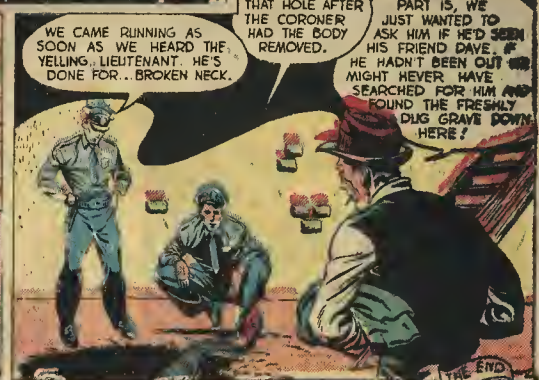


**I'LL BURN THE HOUSE...
NO... THEN THEY'D LOOK FOR
ME. I'LL GO TO SOUTH AMERICA...
YEAH... WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF
IT BEFORE... I'LL GO HOME,
GET A FEW THINGS AND
CLEAR OUT!**



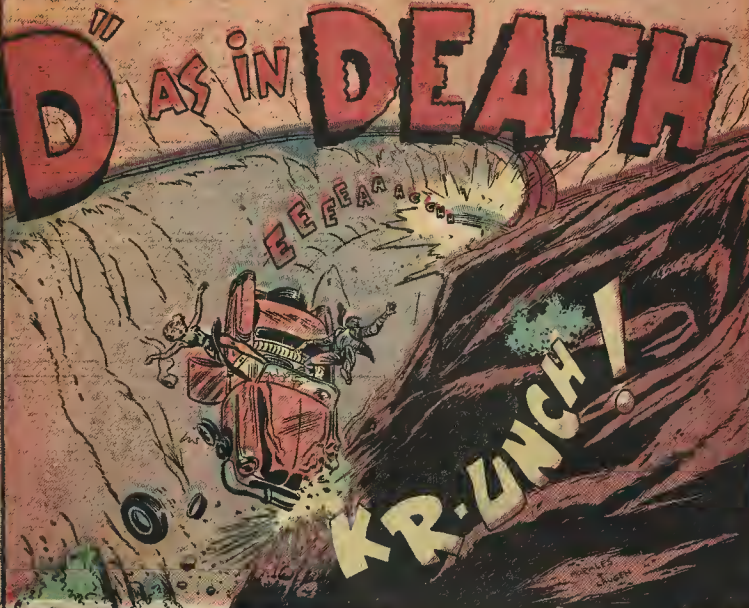
**I'LL SHOW THAT HEADLESS BODY...
AND THAT HEAD... I'M GOING TO HAVE
THE LAST LAUGH... I'M GOING TO
PAY THEM *BOTH* MY LAST
RESPECTS...**

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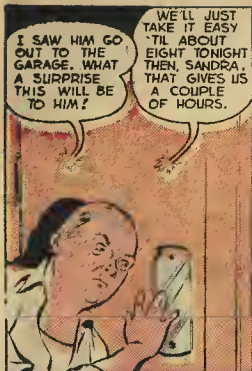
S.M.D. ... DOESN'T MEAN MUCH TO YOU, DOES IT, DEAR READER? WELL, PHILLIP ROSS THEY ARE THREE LETTERS THAT MIGHT WELL DESCRIBE THE INTRODUCTION TO THE FINAL CHAPTER IN HIS LIFE. READ ON... OH, AND HERE'S A HINT... WHAT THE THREE SIMPLE INITIALS STAND FOR ARE **S.. AS IN SURPRISE... M.. AS IN MURDER... AND...**



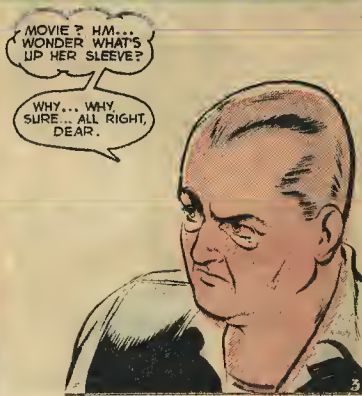
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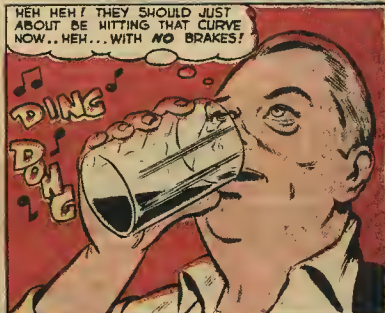
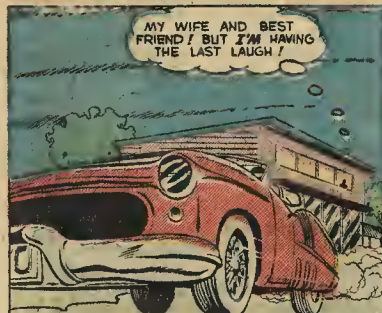


LAWBREAKERS



PHIL HURRIEDLY GOES OUT TO WHERE LARRY'S CAR IS PARKED AND PUNCTURES THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID LINES AND CUTS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE CABLE...





NOW, READERS.... DID LARRY AND SANDRA HAVE AN ACCIDENT? DID THEY DIE?... WE WONDER... BUT SEND YOUR IDEA OF HOW THE STORY SHOULD END TO CHARLTON COMICS, 400 MADISON AVE, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES... AND OF COURSE THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE FULL CREDIT AND \$10 IN CASH!

TWO MINDS AS ONE

Steve Felton and Bristol Bates operated as though their two minds ticked as one, which made them the slickest pair of crooks that ever disturbed Suffolk County, one of the wealthiest resort areas along the Atlantic Coast. Large hotels, grand estates and prosperous beach clubs were easy prey for this team of smoothies.

"If you can spot either of that pair," Sheriff Tom Long told his crew of deputies, "you can be sure that the other is either in the offing, within holl and call, or that he is covering in some way for his pal. Sometimes one is the inside man and the other the watcher. Then again, they may seem to be going their separate ways. But they're both bad news and that's for sure. You never can outguess them because one always seems to know what's in the other's mind. When those two minds work together, they can hatch up the dangdest things."

Sheriff Long was right. At that very moment, Steve and Bristol were hatching up a very terrific scheme.

The conny pair were down by an abandoned fishing pier near the swanky Beachview Hotel. They had laid a huge chunk of plank-ing across four old rowboats. Steve, whose face wore a perpetually foxy smile, gave a satisfied nod.

"They make perfect pontoons," decided Steve. "We can roll the car on and ferry it across the channel in five minutes."

"Then I'll bring the boots back," added Bristol, whose features had a happy, care-less grin. "I'll dismantle this rig and cut through to the hotel —"

"Get up to the hotel first," interposed Steve. "So you can check in at exactly seven o'clock. Have your dinner sent up so that you can prove the exact time you were there. Then take a nap and have them call you, say at nine thirty."

"Good enough," agreed Bristol. "Maybe the sheriff will be around by then to lock me up. He won't lock me up, though, because he'll have nothing on me. Then any time — maybe even as late as dawn tomorrow, I can come down here and pull the plank-ing off these boats."

"Do it tonight if you can," declared Steve, "because my alibi depends on it. But if any-

thing goes haywire, let me know. I'll be at the Parker House in Bayport."

"I'll let you know, even if I have to come up there."

"You won't. Just one of your mental flashes will be enough, Bristol."

From then on, the pair operated on schedule. They drove around in Steve's car, a flashy blue convertible and finally pulled into a service station at quarter of seven. From there, Bristol called the hotel and made a reservation. They drove out and Steve sped the car down to the fishing pier where they eased the convertible onto the improvised float and worked it across the deep but narrow channel. Bristol stayed on the float and Steve shoved it off and then drove away. From the car window he saw Bristol grab his suitcase and take the short cut to the hotel.

It was nearing dusk and it would be a cinch for Bristol to walk into the Beachview Hotel as though he had just dropped off from Steve's car out front. From then on, Bristol would have the easy end of the deal.

Steve's end was different.

He was now driving along a promontory called Penguin Point, coming in from the tip. Steve didn't need lights, not yet, and as a matter of fact he couldn't use them. That was why this job had been timed for the sunset hour when the road was visible to a driver but a car could not be seen at a distance.

Half a mile along the road, Steve possessed the near end of a bridge. It was boarded up and the bridgehead was deserted. It would be that way for the next two days. The bridge was the only route across Lloyd channel to Penguin Point. No car could possibly have come from the vicinity of the Beachview Hotel without using that bridge. Except that right now there wasn't any bridge and wouldn't be for the next forty-eight hours.

As he drove along, Steve could see the hotel, a sprawling old wooden structure, but still one of the most exclusive places along the Coast. It stood there, silhouetted against the sunset and a lot of its rooms were already lighted, which helped make the spread-out building visible. Soon, Bristol Bates would

be dining stylishly in one of those rooms.

Another three miles and the hotel was completely lost behind a huge cliff on the shore of the mainland. At least a mile of water separated Penguin Point from the shore at this spot. Steve was still rolling along without his lights; now, as a square shaped building hulked up ahead of him, he cut off the motor and let the car coast up beside it.

The building was the Club Penguin, popular nightspot on Penguin Point. Its business though depended so much on cars from across the bridge, that the place had closed for these two days. Steve got out of the car, rapped at the door of the Club Penguin and adjusted a mask over his face. Some lights came on, the door opened, and Steve picked a revolver into the ribs of a portly, baldheaded man whose round face mirrored complete fright.

This was Roger Tukes, owner of the club. Steve had no trouble talking him into opening his safe and handing over its contents, a matter of about seven thousand dollars that Tukes hadn't thought to bank. Usually, the Club Penguin was the liveliest spot along the coast. Steve had just been smart enough to catch it when shut down.

Rapidly, Steve bound and gagged Tukes and locked him in the office closet. He doubted that Tukes could get loose for an hour and that was all the time Steve needed. He got back in his car, eased slowly out so that he wouldn't be heard by anyone else who might be around. Heading along the road, Steve soon turned on the lights and opened the car up.

It was twenty-five miles along the point to Crawfish Neck which connected it with the mainland. Hitting close to sixty, Steve passed only a few cars on the way and none would remember his convertible for now it was fully dark and the car lights dazzled the other drivers. At eight o'clock, Steve came to the main road that wound around the coast from the Beachview Hotel, some thirty miles back. He pulled into the little town of Bayport, turned his car over to the doorman of the Parker House and entered the hotel. Steve engaged a room and after loafing about for an hour, turned in for the night.

Considering how smoothly his plan had worked, Steve couldn't understand why he felt so uneasy. Oddly, he was worried for his pal Bristol, not for himself. He wished now that he'd told Bristol to come on here somehow and join him in Bayport. But that wouldn't

work, because it was Bristol who would have to dismantle the improvised ferry down by the fishing pier.

So it was Steve who should really worry. But he didn't, for he was sure that Bristol could surely let him know if anything had gone wrong. He finally curbed his qualms regarding Bristol's safety and fell asleep. It was only a brief nap, however. Suddenly the room was flooded with light and there stood Bristol. Never had Steve seen a face more excited or filled with such horror.

"Steve!" Bristol was shouting. "Get out of this — while you can! I've got to get out — but I can't —"

In a burst of crimson, Bristol disappeared, light and all. Steve found himself sitting bolt upright in the darkness which was broken only by the flashes of an outdoor neon sign. Steve reached for the telephone intending to call the Beachview Hotel and talk to Bristol. But he couldn't rouse the Parker House operator, so he calmed down and went to sleep.

Oddly, Steve wasn't wandering about Bristol any longer. He didn't worry about anything until his shoulder was shaken and he looked up in the light of morning to find himself staring at Sheriff Long. The sheriff snapped one question:

"Where were you at eight o'clock last night, Steve?"

"Just pulling away from the Beachview Hotel," Steve gave his lips a foxy lick. "Bristol checked in there at seven. I stayed about an hour and then drove on."

Sheriff Long shook his head and turned to his deputies.

"Take him away, boys," the sheriff said. "We know his alibi is phoney. For your information, Steve" — the sheriff's tone became grim — "the old Beachview Hotel caught fire around eight o'clock last night and went up like a much tinder."

"Bristol was one of the people trapped there. We saw him about nine o'clock, at the window of his room, just before the floor caved in. He was shouting for you to get out because he couldn't. We thought maybe you were in there too, then we decided to check other places like this hotel. Too bad about Bristol. This was one time his mind didn't tick with yours."

Steve Felton sat there glumly while the sheriff went through his things and found the stolen cash. Steve was thinking of his lost alibi and how his mind and Bristol's had really clicked — for the last time.

LAWBREAKERS

YESTERDAY'S MURDER

IT HAD BEEN NEARLY A YEAR SINCE THE LODGE AT PINE LAKE HAD BLOWN UP, AND MY WOULD-BE MURDERERS HAD DIED IN THE BLAST... AND NOW HERE I WAS, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TO ADD THE FINAL CHAPTER TO AN UNFINISHED STORY.

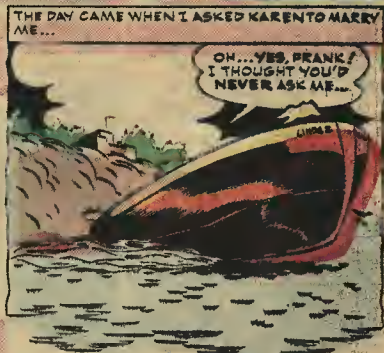
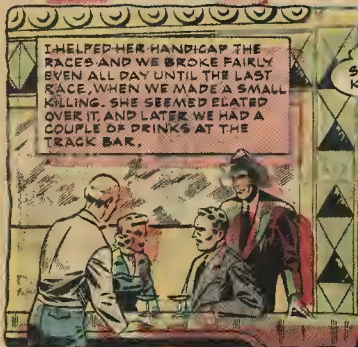
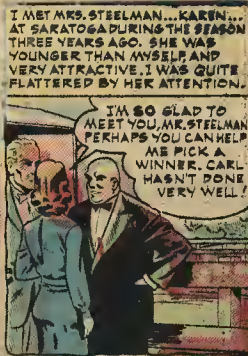
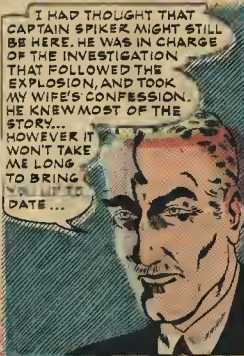
7TH
ECINC

STAN.
CAMPBELL

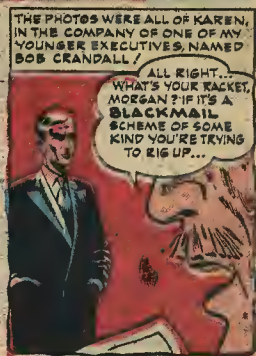
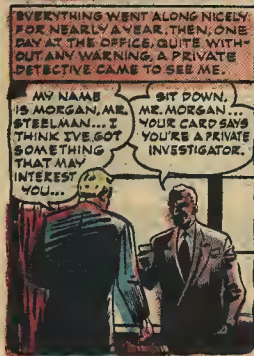
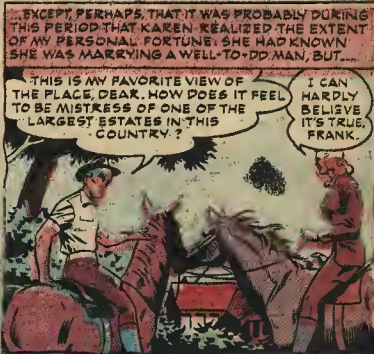
YES, MR. STEELMAN, I REMEMBER THE PINE LAKE AFFAIR, THOUGH I WASN'T IN CHARGE HERE AT THE TIME. ABOUT A YEAR AGO, WASN'T IT?

HOMICIDE DIV.
7TH POLICE CIN.

LAWBREAKERS

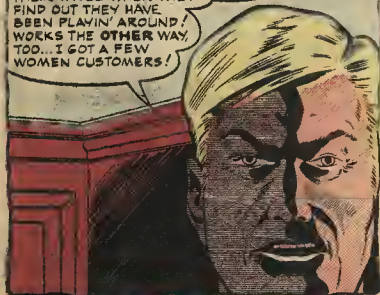


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TAKE IT EASY, MR. STEELMAN. THIS AIN'T BLACKMAIL! A LOT OF GUYS COME TO ME TO GET THE GOODS ON THEIR WIVES WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEY HAVE BEEN PLAYIN' AROUND! WORKS THE OTHER WAY, TOO... I GOT A FEW WOMEN CUSTOMERS!

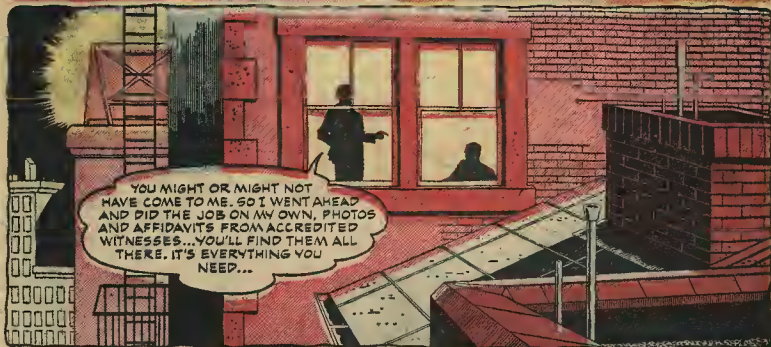


GET TO THE POINT!

THE POINT IS THIS... CRANDALL AND MRS. STEELMAN HAVE BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER STEADILY FOR OVER THREE MONTHS! WHEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT IT, I FIGURED SOONER OR LATER YOU'D WANT THE SERVICES OF A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.



YOU MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT HAVE COME TO ME. SO I WENT AHEAD AND DID THE JOB ON MY OWN, PHOTOS AND AFFIDAVITS FROM ACCREDITED WITNESSES... YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL THERE. IT'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED...



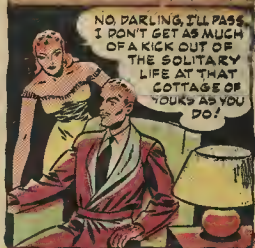
...YOU CAN KEEP THE STUFF, MR. STEELMAN. BETTER LOOK IT OVER CAREFULLY... IF YOU DECIDE IT'S OF VALUE TO YOU, LET ME KNOW AND I'LL SEND YOU A BILL FOR MY SERVICES! IF NOT, FORGET IT. IT WAS SPECULATION, ANYWAY.



MORGAN WAS RIGHT. THE THING WAS COMPLETE. STILL... I HADN'T BUILT UP A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR A YEAR BUSINESS BY MAKING HASTY DECISIONS... I WANTED TIME TO THINK IT OVER THOROUGHLY.



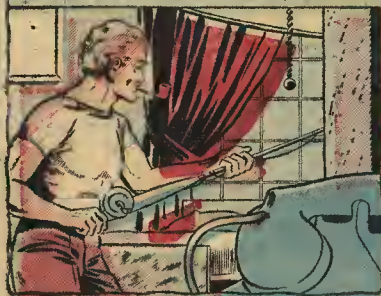
IT WAS THE FOLLOWING EVENING WHEN I ANNOUNCED MY INTENTION OF SPENDING THE WEEK-END AT MY PINE LAKE LODGE, HOPING THAT KAREN WOULDN'T WANT TO COME AND THAT I COULD BE BY MYSELF TO THINK THINGS OUT.



NO, DARLING, I'LL PASS. I DON'T GET AS MUCH OF A KICK OUT OF THE SOLITARY LIFE AT THAT COTTAGE OF YOURS AS YOU DO!

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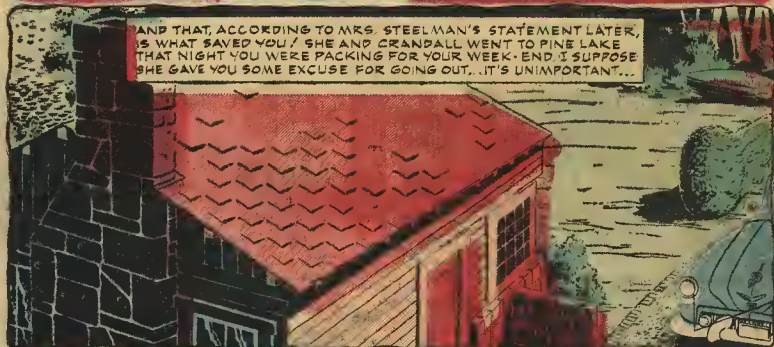
IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SHE HAD READ MY MIND... SHE IMMEDIATELY DECLINED MY INVITATION TO GO TO THE LAKE WITH ME. I DECIDED TO PACK THAT NIGHT AND LEAVE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.



I DON'T LIKE TO INTERRUPT YOU, MR. STEELMAN, BUT WE KNOW ALL THIS! IT'S ALL HERE IN THE FILE... AFTER YOU PACKED TO GO TO PINE LAKE, YOU RECEIVED INFORMATION FROM YOUR OFFICE THAT MADE YOU GO TO CHICAGO ON BUSINESS THE FOLLOWING DAY INSTEAD OF TAKING THAT WEEK-END AT YOUR LODGE...



AND THAT, ACCORDING TO MRS. STEELMAN'S STATEMENT LATER, IS WHAT SAVED YOU! SHE AND CRANDALL WENT TO PINE LAKE THAT NIGHT YOU WERE PACKING FOR YOUR WEEK-END. I SUPPOSE SHE GAVE YOU SOME EXCUSE FOR GOING OUT... IT'S UNIMPORTANT...



...WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT THEY PLANTED A BOMB IN THE COTTAGE! IT WAS TIMED TO GO OFF AT THREE O'CLOCK SUNDAY MORNING. THIS WAS A FRIDAY NIGHT, ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS.



THE NEXT MORNING YOU TOLD MRS. STEELMAN YOU WERE GOING TO CHICAGO ON BUSINESS AND YOU WOULD BE BACK ON THE FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY... INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE LODGE.

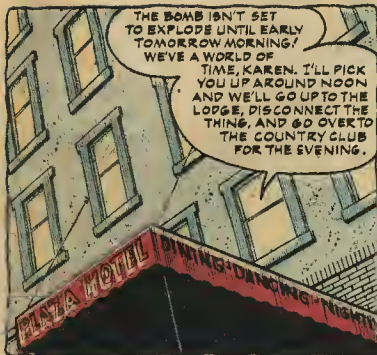


WHEREUPON MRS. STEELMAN MUST HAVE IMMEDIATELY GOT IN TOUCH WITH CRANDALL...

LISTEN, THE OLD FOOL ISN'T GOING TO THE LAKE AFTER ALL! NO, I TELL YOU... HE'S GOING TO CHICAGO... HAS ALREADY GONE, AS A MATTER OF FACT! WHAT ABOUT THE BOMB... IT'LL GO OFF, AND...

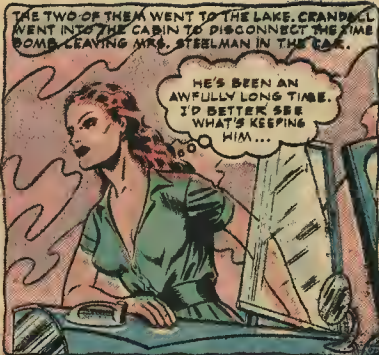


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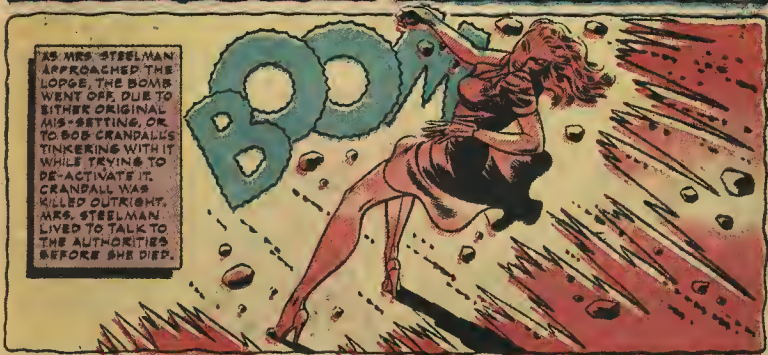
THE BOMB ISN'T SET
TO EXPLODE UNTIL EARLY
TOMORROW MORNING!
WE'VE A WORLD OF

TIME, KAREN. I'LL PICK
YOU UP AROUND NOON
AND WE'LL GO UP TO THE
LODGE, DISCONNECT THE
THING, AND GO OVER TO
THE COUNTRY CLUB
FOR THE EVENING.

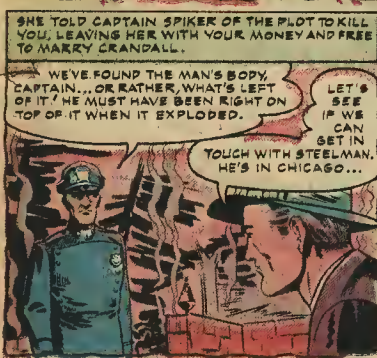


THE TWO OF THEM WENT TO THE LAKE. CRANDALL
WENT INTO THE CABIN TO DISCONNECT THE TIME
BOMB, LEAVING MRS. STEELMAN IN THE CAR.

HE'S BEEN AN
AWFULLY LONG TIME.
I'D BETTER SEE
WHAT'S KEEPING
HIM...



AS MRS. STEELMAN
APPROACHED THE
LODGE, THE BOMB
WENT OFF, DUE TO
EITHER ORIGINAL
MIS-SETTING, OR
TO BOB CRANDALL'S
TINKERING WITH IT
WHILE TRYING TO
DE-ACTIVATE IT.
CRANDALL WAS
KILLED OUTRIGHT.
MRS. STEELMAN
LIVED TO TALK TO
THE AUTHORITIES
BEFORE SHE DIED.



SHE TOLD CAPTAIN SPIKER OF THE PLOT TO KILL
YOU, LEAVING HER WITH YOUR MONEY AND FREE
TO MARRY CRANDALL.

WE'VE FOUND THE MAN'S BODY,
CAPTAIN... OR RATHER, WHAT'S LEFT
OF IT. HE MUST HAVE BEEN RIGHT ON
TOP OF IT WHEN IT EXPLODED.

LET'S
SEE
IF WE
CAN
GET IN

TOUCH WITH STEELMAN.
HE'S IN CHICAGO...



SPIKER NOTIFIED THE CHICAGO POLICE. THEY
LOCATED YOU AT YOUR BRANCH MANAGER'S
OFFICE AND BROKE THE NEWS.

THANK YOU,
SERGEANT. I'LL RETURN
HOME AT ONCE.

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SO YOU SEE, MR. STEELMAN, WE HAVE ALL THE DETAILS ALREADY... HERE IN THE FILE... IT'S ALL COMPLETE.

NOT QUITE, CAPTAIN. LET'S GO BACK TO THAT NIGHT I WAS IN MY ROOM PACKING. I DECIDED TO CALL THE CHAUFFEUR TO SEE IF THE STATION WAGON WAS RUNNING. WE'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH IT, AND I WANTED TO TAKE IT TO THE LAKE.

...WE CAN SET A BOMB IN THE CABIN AND MAKE IT APPEAR THAT THE OIL FURNACE BLEW UP! WE'LL DO IT TONIGHT. HE'S GOING UP IN THE MORNING...

KAREN TOLD ME SHE WANTED TO ATTEND HER BRIDGE CLUB THAT NIGHT. AFTER SHE LEFT, I TOOK THE SEAGRAM AND FOLLOWED TO PINE LAKE...

I'D PROBABLY HAVE DIVORCED YOU, KAREN. BUT PERHAPS YOUR WAY IS BETTER!

MY PHONE WAS AN EXTENSION OF THE ONE DOWNSTAIRS. WHEN I PICKED IT UP, I HEARD KAREN USING THE OTHER PHONE...

AFTER CRANDALL HAD SET THE BOMB BY THE OIL HEATING UNIT, AND THEY HAD LEFT, I WENT IN AND CHANGED THE TIMING. THEN I CHANGED THE LOCATION OF THE BOMB, KNOWING THEY WOULD SEARCH FOR IT THE FOLLOWING DAY IN ORDER TO DE-ACTIVATE IT. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BLOW AS THEY WERE LOOKING FOR IT. AS IT WORKED OUT, IT WENT OFF ALMOST PERFECTLY! HE HAD JUST FOUND IT THE NEXT DAY WHEN IT EXPLODED IN HIS FACE!



I'VE TRIED TO LIVE WITH IT FOR A YEAR... AND EVERY NIGHT I'VE RE-LIVED THE CHANGING OF THE FUSE ON THAT BOMB...

THAT COMPLETES YOUR FILES, CAPTAIN.

I'M ALMOST SORRY YOU CAME IN, MR. STEELMAN. IT HAD SEEMED SUCH A PERFECT CASE OF RETRIBUTION. I'LL HAVE TO BOOK YOU NOW...

DIVISION INCT

THE END

LAWBREAKERS

FOR YOU READERS WITH A BIT OF SALT IN YOUR BLOOD, WE HAVE HERE A CASE, MODERN-DAY SEA YARN... THIS IS ABOUT JEMELAIN FENTNOX, A YACHTSMAN, WHOSE BUSINESS WAS GOING ON THE ROCKS (SO TO SPEAK)... THEN ONE EVENING MURDER BRIGHTENED JEM'S HORIZON... THAT IS... UNTIL HE HEARD...

The VOICE from The DEEP!

NOBODY ABOARD HER, SIR, AND NO SIGN OF ANYONE HAVING BEEN ON HER AT ALL!

NO POSSIBLE EXPLANATION AS TO HOW IT GOT THIS FAR OUT! SECURE A LINE FOR TOWING.

BUT NOW LET US TURN THE HANDS OF TIME BACK TO ABOUT SEVEN O'CLOCK OF THE PRECEDING EVENING... TO JEMELAIN FENTNOX...

HMM... ELAINE'S INSURED FOR TWENTY THOUSAND... FIFTEEN WOULD PULL MY BUSINESS OUT OF THE RED...



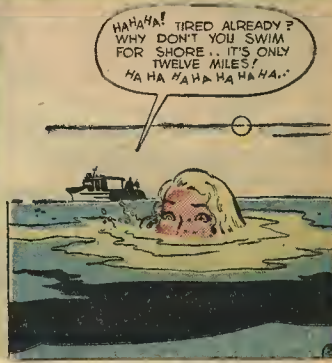
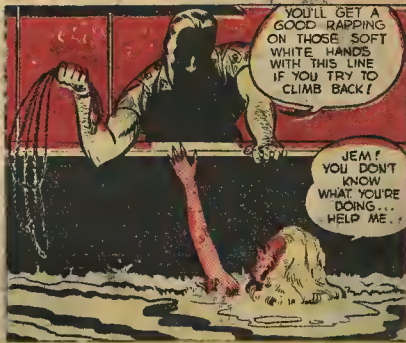
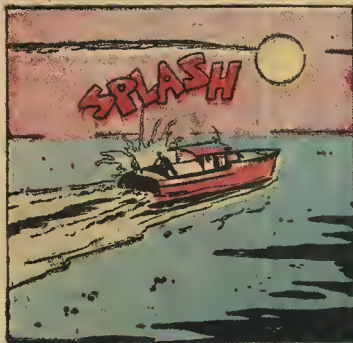
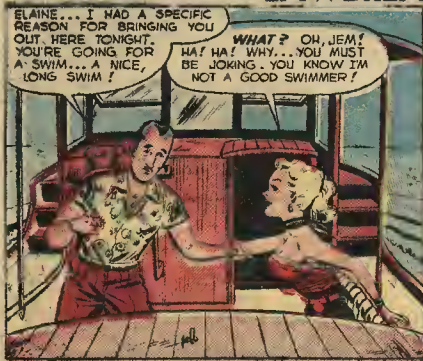
DARLING, WHAT SAY WE GO ON A SHORT MOON LIGHT CRUISE... JUST LIKE IN OUR COURTING DAYS...

WHY, JEM, YOU OLD ROMANTICIST! YOU'VE BEEN SO WRAPPED UP IN YOUR WORK LATELY I THOUGHT YOU'D FORGOTTEN YOU HAD A WIFE! ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.

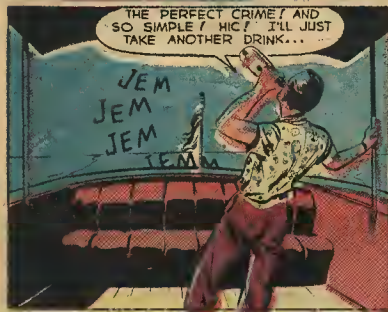


Lou Morales

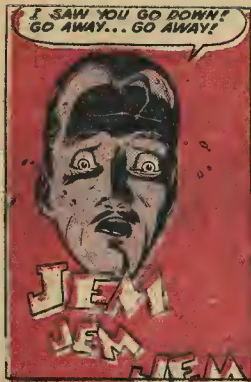
LAWBREAKERS



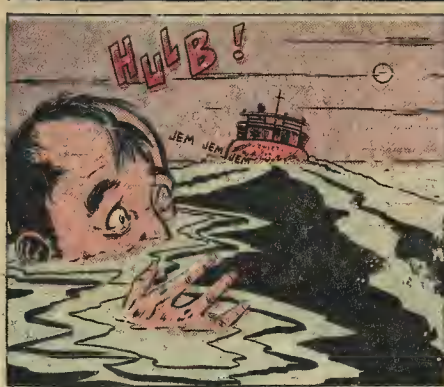
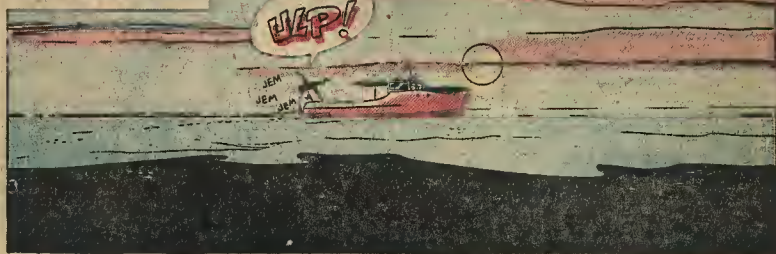
LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



AS JEMELAIN LASHES
AWAY WITH THE ROPE,
IT TANGLES IN THE
BOAT'S PROPELLER AND...



YOU MIGHT THINK JEMELAIN WAS MIS-
LED BY THE SOUND OF THE BOAT'S
SLOW CHURNING MOTOR... AND WHO
IS TO SAY HE DIDN'T SEE HIS OWN
REFLECTION IN THE PHOSPHORESCENT
WATER? ANYWAY, YOU READERS DO
KNOW... AS MR. FENTNOR HIMSELF
SAID... HE COULDN'T SWIM A STROKE!



DEATH *by* LANTERN LIGHT

IT'S JERRY CONOVER,
MY DAUGHTER'S FIANCE. WE
FOUND HIM ONLY A FEW
MOMENTS AGO AND
CALLED YOU IMMEDIATELY.



NOW LET ME
GET THIS STRAIGHT,
MR. KINCAID. YOUR
DAUGHTER, MARLA,
AND CONOVER,
HAD ANNOUNCED
THEIR ENGAGEMENT
TONIGHT... WAS THIS
PARTY HERE IN
HONOR OF THAT
ANNOUNCEMENT,
OR WAS IT
JUST A
HALLOWEEN
PARTY?

FRANK
FIELD

LAWBREAKERS



WELL, IT WAS A BIT OF BOTH. I'D SAY, DETECTIVE O'NEAL, ACTUALLY THE PARTY WAS IN HONOR OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT, BUT SINCE IT IS ALSO HALLOWEEN, THEY HAD DECIDED TO COMBINE THE TWO.



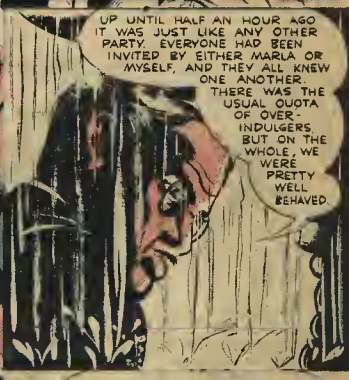
THE PARTY WAS SUCCESSFUL AND THEY SEEMED TO BE ENJOYING THEMSELVES, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE LAST I REMEMBER SEEING YOUNG CONOVER, HE AND MARLA WERE ON THE DANCE FLOOR TOGETHER...

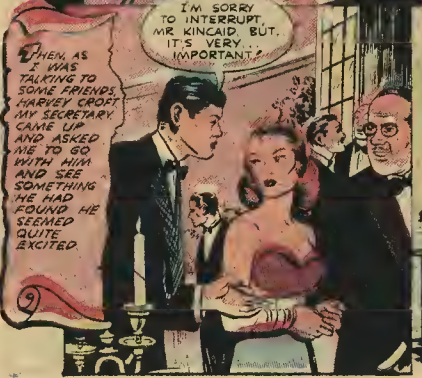


HAPPY, DEAR?

OH, JERRY, EVERYTHING'S SO WONDERFUL.



UP UNTIL HALF AN HOUR AGO IT WAS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER PARTY. EVERYONE HAD BEEN INVITED BY EITHER MARLA OR MYSELF, AND THEY ALL KNEW ONE ANOTHER. THERE WAS THE USUAL QUOTA OF OVER-INDULGERS, BUT ON THE WHOLE, WE WERE PRETTY WELL BEHAVED.



I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MR KINCAID, BUT IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.

WHEN, AS I WAS TALKING TO SOME FRIENDS, HARVEY CROFT, MY SECRETARY, CAME UP AND ASKED ME TO GO WITH HIM AND SEE SOMETHING HE HAD FOUND HE SEEMED QUITE EXCITED.



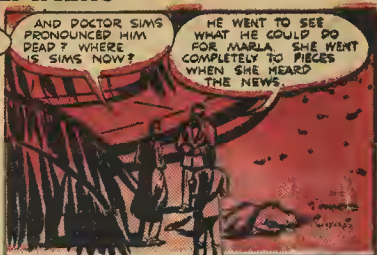
I THINK IT'S MR CONOVER, SIR... LYING BEHIND THE FOUNTAIN. HE MUST BE EITHER SICK OR OR DRUNK, SIR. I TRIED TO ROUSE HIM BUT I GOT NO RESPONSE, AND DECIDED I'D BETTER GET YOU.

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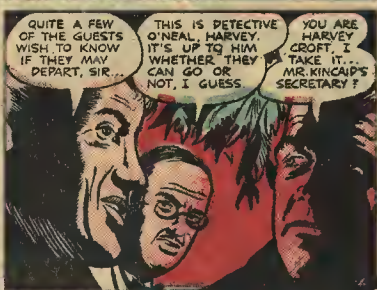
IT WAS CONOVER LYING HERE JUST AS YOU SEE HIM NOW. WE DIDN'T MOVE HIM AT ALL. I KNEW HE WAS DEAD AS SOON AS I TRIED TO TAKE HIS PULSE.

I THINK DOCTOR SIMS IS HERE SOMEWHERE, HARVEY... GET HIM. AND THEN CALL THE POLICE.



AND DOCTOR SIMS PRONOUNCED HIM DEAD? WHERE IS SIMS NOW?

HE WENT TO SEE WHAT HE COULD DO FOR MARLA. SHE WENT COMPLETELY TO PIECES WHEN SHE HEARD THE NEWS.



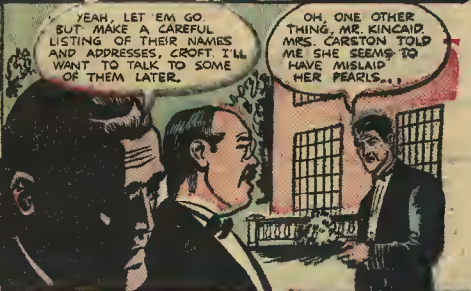
QUITE A FEW OF THE GUESTS WISH TO KNOW IF THEY MAY DEPART, SIR...

THIS IS DETECTIVE O'NEAL, HARVEY. IT'S UP TO HIM WHETHER THEY CAN GO OR NOT, I GUESS.

YOU ARE HARVEY CROFT, I TAKE IT... MR. KINCAID'S SECRETARY?

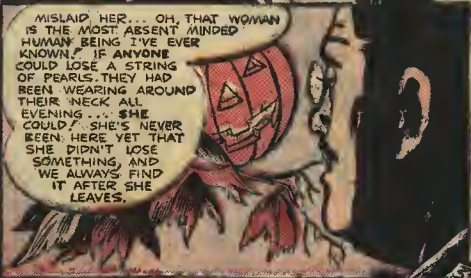


YES, SIR. I'VE BEEN WITH MR. KINCAID FOR OVER SIX YEARS. SHALL I TELL THEM THEY CAN GO?



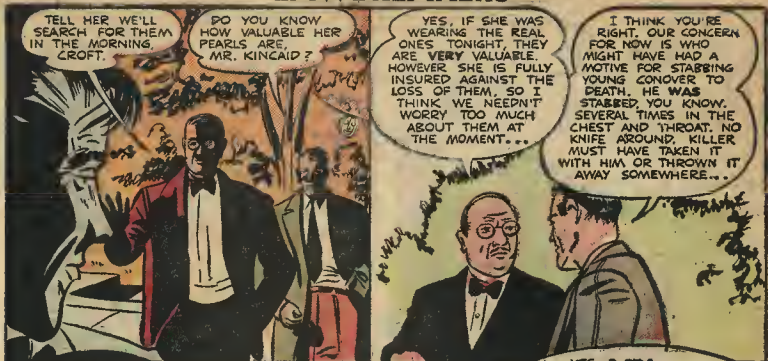
YEAH, LET 'EM GO. BUT MAKE A CAREFUL LISTING OF THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES, CROFT. I'LL WANT TO TALK TO SOME OF THEM LATER.

OH, ONE OTHER THING, MR. KINCAID. MRS. CARSTON TOLD ME SHE SEEMS TO HAVE MISLAID HER PEARLS...



MISLAID HER... OH, THAT WOMAN IS THE MOST ABSENT MINDED HUMAN BEING I'VE EVER KNOWN. IF ANYONE COULD LOSE A STRING OF PEARLS, THEY HAD BEEN WEARING AROUND THEIR NECK ALL EVENING... SHE COULDN'T BE HERE YET THAT SHE DIDN'T LOSE SOMETHING, AND WE ALWAYS FIND IT AFTER SHE LEAVES.

LAWBREAKERS



TELL HER WE'LL SEARCH FOR THEM IN THE MORNING, CROFT.

DO YOU KNOW HOW VALUABLE HER PEARLS ARE, MR. KINCAID?

YES, IF SHE WAS WEARING THE REAL ONES TONIGHT, THEY ARE VERY VALUABLE. HOWEVER SHE IS FULLY INSURED AGAINST THE LOSS OF THEM. SO I THINK WE NEEDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT THEM AT THE MOMENT...

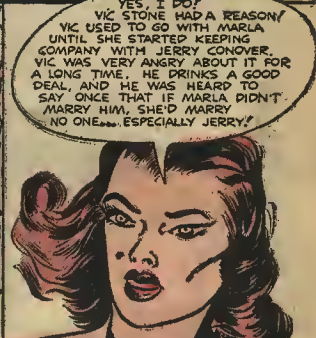
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. OUR CONCERN FOR NOW IS WHO MIGHT HAVE HAD A MOTIVE FOR STABBING YOUNG CONOVER TO DEATH. HE WAS STABBED, YOU KNOW, SEVERAL TIMES IN THE CHEST AND THROAT. NO KNIFE AROUND. KILLER MUST HAVE TAKEN IT WITH HIM OR THROWN IT AWAY SOMEWHERE...



I THINK PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT.

OH, THIS IS CAROL SANDERS... DETECTIVE O'NEAL. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN HELP, CAROL?

YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT HE HAD A REASON TO MURDER JERRY CONOVER, MISS SANDERS?



YES, I DO! VIC STONE HAD A REASON! VIC USED TO GO WITH MARLA UNTIL SHE STARTED KEEPING COMPANY WITH JERRY CONOVER. VIC WAS VERY ANGRY ABOUT IT FOR A LONG TIME. HE DRINKS A GOOD DEAL, AND HE WAS HEARD TO SAY ONCE THAT IF MARLA DIDN'T MARRY HIM, SHE'D MARRY NO ONE... ESPECIALLY JERRY!



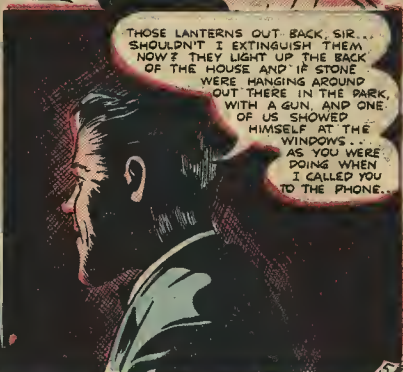
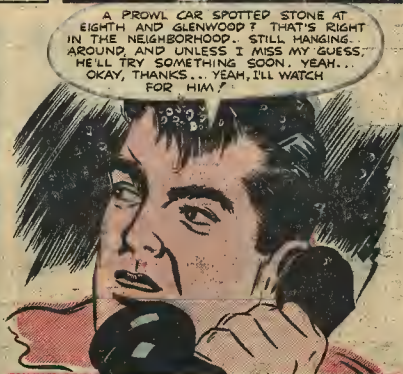
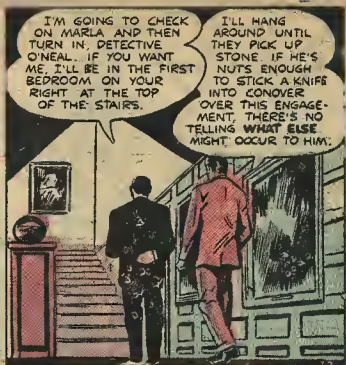
EVERYONE THOUGHT AT THE TIME WAS JUST A JOKE. BUT NOW THAT JERRY'S DEAD, VIC WAS AT THE PARTY TONIGHT, TOO. I HEARD MARLA SAY THAT HE HADN'T BEEN INVITED, BUT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO START ANYTHING BY HAVING HIM PUT OUT.

THAT'S RIGHT. I SAW HIM HERE EARLIER, TOO!

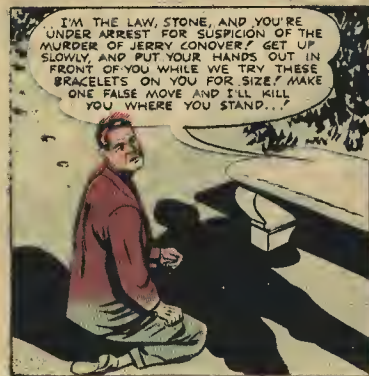


NOW IT BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE TO ME, MALONE. GET OUT A PICK-UP ON VIC STONE FOR QUESTIONING. THEN REPORT BACK DOWN TOWN. I'M GOING TO STICK AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE TO SEE THAT HE DOESN'T COME BACK AND TRY TO CARRY HIS REVENGE ANY FURTHER... BY HARMING MR. KINCAID'S DAUGHTER!

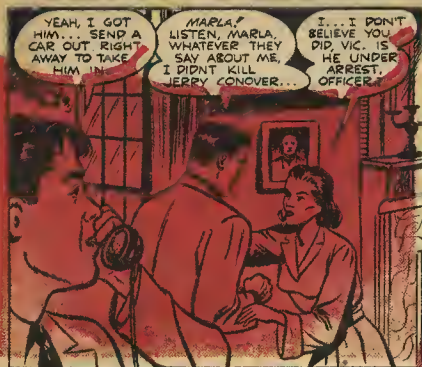
LAWBREAKERS



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YEAH, I GOT HIM... SEND A CAR OUT RIGHT AWAY TO TAKE HIM IN.

MARLA, LISTEN, MARLA, WHATEVER THEY SAY ABOUT ME, I DIDN'T KILL JERRY CONOVER...

I... I DON'T BELIEVE YOU DID, VIC. IS HE UNDER ARREST, OFFICER?

YES, THEY'LL BE HERE FOR HIM IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES.

LISTEN, MARLA, I CAME UNINVITED TO YOUR PARTY EARLIER TONIGHT IN HOPES THAT YOU'D SEE ME LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO APOLOGIZE FOR SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE SAID, AND WISH YOU LUCK WHEN I SAW THAT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SEE ME. I LEFT.



I DIDN'T COME BACK, AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH KILLING CONOVER... I SWEAR IT!

WHY DID YOU COME BACK A FEW MINUTES AGO, THEN? HOW LONG WERE YOU IN THE GARDEN? YOU CAME BACK TO GET THE KNIFE YOU HID AFTER YOU USED IT ON CONOVER, DIDN'T YOU?



NO... NO! I HEARD ABOUT CONOVER'S DEATH, AND I WANTED TO SEE MARLA TO BE SURE SHE DIDN'T THINK I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT, I...

THIS HIM, O'NEAL?



YEAH, TAKE HIM OUT TO THE CAR AND WAIT FOR ME. I WON'T BE LONG. YOU CAN COME DOWN AND TALK TO HIM FURTHER IN THE MORNING IF YOU LIKE, MISS KINCAID, BUT I WOULDN'T WASTE MUCH SYMPATHY ON HIM IF I WERE YOU. IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE HE DID IT, ALL RIGHT...

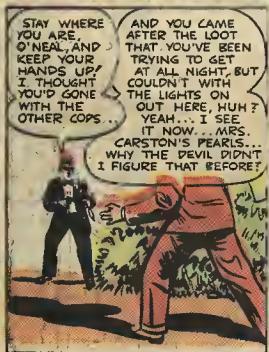


I WISH I KNEW IF YOU WERE RIGHT, DETECTIVE O'NEAL. VIC JUST DIDN'T SEEM TO ME TO BE CAPABLE OF A... A MURDER!

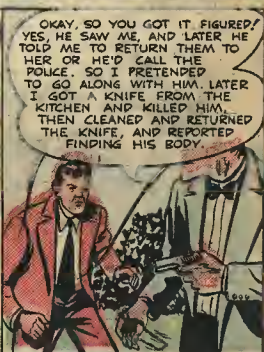
YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT 'EM, MISS KINCAID.

SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT AROUND HERE ALL OF A SUDDEN... WHAT IS IT...?

LAWBREAKERS



IT'S PRETTY CLEAR, ALL OF A SUDDEN, CROFT, YOU SWIPE THE PEARLS, PROBABLY WHILE YOU DANCED WITH THE CARSTON WOMAN, OR TALKED TO HER, AND HID THEM IN THE JACK-O-LANTERN 'TIL YOU COULD PICK THEM UP LATER. THEN I SUSPECT THAT YOUNG CONOVER MUST HAVE SEEN YOU PUT THEM THERE...



THE END

LAW BREAKERS SUSPENSE STORY

THE DEVIL'S GUN



CAN A GUN RETAIN A
DEVIL'S SPELL AND
CAUSE **MURDER** PRACTI-
CALLY BECAUSE IT WILLS IT?



SUCH A CASE OCCURRED SIX
YEARS AGO IN LOUISIANA
WHEN A REVOLVER OF FRENCH
MANUFACTURE FIGURED IN
SEVEN DIFFERENT AND
UNCONNECTED MURDERS.

LOW MURDER



AT LAST FOUND IN A DRIED
UP STREAM, POLICE BAL-
LISTICS PROVED IT WAS THE
WEAPON USED IN EACH OF
THE SEVEN CASES. EACH NEW
OWNER, WHETHER HE OR SHE
BOUGHT OR FOUND THE
GUN, HAD EMPLOYED IT TO
KILL AND HAD BEEN CAUGHT
AND HANGED.



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